

# THE BEACON

FOR SCHOOL AND HOME

VOLUME IV.

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1913.

NUMBER 8

## How Christy kept Thanksgiving.

BY REBECCA DEMING MOORE.

WHEN Christy woke up with a sore throat that Monday before Thanksgiving, Mummy promptly said, "No school." Buddy knew that that included him, for Daddy would never take that hard trip to the mainland for just one. You will see that Christy and Buddy could not walk to school, nor even ride on an electric-car, nor drive; for they lived on a desolate, sandy island at the mouth of a harbor on the Atlantic coast. Nevertheless, they had as neat and pretty a home as any one of you; for their landlord was none other than Uncle Sam himself. Now you know that Christy and Buddy's father kept the lighthouse that showed vessels the way into the harbor.

Of course, there was no school on Crow Bar Island,—in fact, nothing but the lighthouse. Every Monday, when it was not too stormy, Daddy would take Christy and Buddy in the lighthouse boat over to the town, where they lived at Grandma's until Friday afternoon. Sometimes the sea would be running so hard on Fridays that they could not get home to Mummy for still another week.

to go out in the boat. So Christy and Buddy made the best they could of another shut-in day at the lighthouse.

Wednesday morning Daddy declared that, as long as he had to go over the next day, and the weather wasn't very good anyway, and there was extra work about the light, he thought it best to make one trip do.

Christy and Buddy were disappointed, of course, not to be present at the final bustle of preparations; but the thought of the enormous turkey, of the pies, and especially of all the unknown cousins and the jolly known ones, kept them from feeling too down-hearted.

Thursday morning Christy was awakened by the wind. Have you ever heard the wind whistling about your own snug house on the mainland? Then imagine how it would whistle about one lonely house on a little island facing the open ocean. Christy ran to the window. The summer visitors would have said, "oh," and "ah," and "how beautiful!" at the sight of the long rollers rushing in and breaking over the sands, but Christy began to

and Daddy were as much disappointed about the party as she and Buddy.

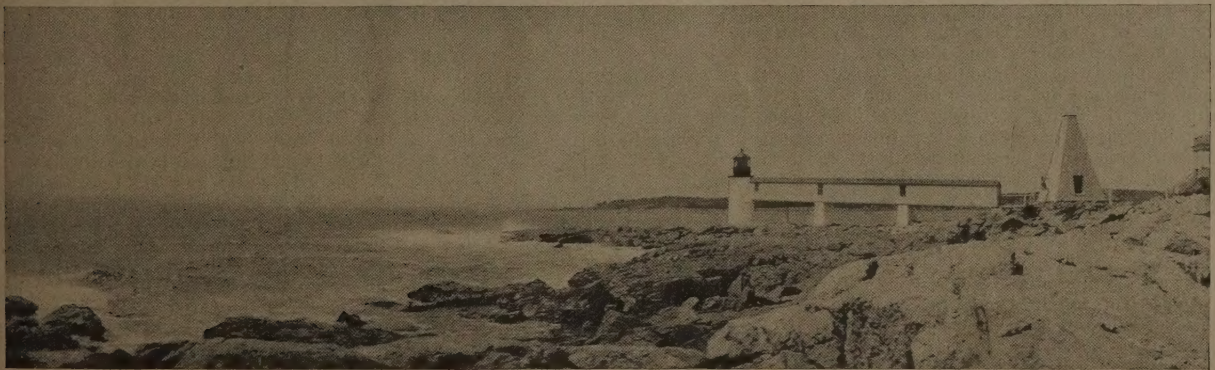
"We can have a nice Thanksgiving all by ourselves, Mummy," she whispered, as she wiped the dishes.

"Oh, yes," Mummy smiled: "there's plenty cooked up, and chickens out in the hen-house. I'll make a few extra pies, and we'll have a dinner fit for the President if he should call to-day."

"Well, I guess he won't; but I know the dinner'll be good enough. I wasn't thinking of that exactly. I'm going to plan a surprise. Please, may I, after I've helped you?"

Mother said she didn't need much help, which was true; for the lighthouse rooms were always as spick and span as the light itself, where Uncle Sam allowed no speck of dirt.

While Mummy was bustling about her tidy kitchen, Christy had called Buddy upstairs to her own room, having previously asked permission to use a pile of old magazines left by summer visitors. She spread two newspapers on the floor, and then, handing scissors and mucilage to Buddy, unfolded her plan. From the chattering in the bedroom and the whistling in the wood shed, where Buddy ran from time to time, one would never have guessed that there were



"Christy's father kept the lighthouse that showed vessels the way into the harbor."

Christy would much rather have gone to school that day, and, besides, Grandma's house, with its preparations for the big Thanksgiving party, promised to be a more exciting place this week than the lighthouse. However, the old throat would probably be better by to-morrow, and she and Buddy would be in time to help with the raisin stoning and trying and tasting. It was to be a particularly wonderful Thanksgiving party this year. Mummy and Daddy would come. Daddy had special leave of absence and an assistant engaged to take his place at the light. The aunts and cousins were coming, too, for miles around. Some Christy had never seen.

Tuesday morning the throat was better, but there was a heavy rain falling. Mummy said it would not be at all prudent for Christy

cry. She had not lived eight of her twelve years in a lighthouse not to know that Daddy would never take Mummy and his children in the boat on a day like this. Buddy, too, was not too young to know what this meant.

It was a very solemn group that met at the breakfast table. Little was said: what was the use of talking?

Christy had scarcely realized how much she had counted on seeing Aunt Lucy's Celia, who was just her age and was coming away from Boston for the Thanksgiving party. Mummy had told her how the little girls had loved each other when they were tots of two. It suddenly occurred to Christy that Mummy had not seen her sister in all that time either, and she began to understand what the summer visitors always said about the lonely life of a lighthouse. It came to her that Mummy

two very disappointed children in Crow Bar Light.

Before dinner Christy insisted that Mummy should put on her best dress, and every one else should wear just what he had intended for Grandma's party.

"Oh, Mummy," she cried as she danced into the dining-room at the last minute, "have you places for twenty?"

Mummy looked puzzled.

"Places for twenty! You know our table won't seat twenty, and where *could* twenty people come from?"

"Well, here they are," said Christy, smiling opening her box, "or at least sixteen guests. I guess it won't matter if each one doesn't have a truly plate. Here is Grandma Swain," she continued, taking from the box a paper figure of an old lady pasted on card-



board and fastened to a small block of wood to make her stand. "And here's Grandpa and Aunt Lucy, Cousin Celia, Cousin Eddie." She named sixteen figures in all, each of which represented a relative who was to have been at Grandma's Thanksgiving dinner. Christy had done her best to select suitable pictures, but Grandpa Swain would have laughed to see himself in a frock coat, and some of the other relatives would never have recognized themselves without the labels on their backs.

Daddy and Mummy began to laugh, and Buddy clapped his hands.

"Come, come," said Mummy, when she could speak, "my good dinner will be cold if we don't begin. Grandma Swain, will you have a wing or a leg?"

Buddy and Christy set the guests at, or rather *on*, the table, and devoted themselves to chicken and cranberry sauce, not forgetting to talk to the new-comers.

"Cousin Eddie wants more mashed potato," Buddy would say; or Christy would remark, "Cousin Celia has promised to write to me every week," or in an aside to her mother, "Isn't her dress pretty, Mummy? I picked out the very prettiest little girl I could find in all the fashion magazines for her."

When the guests had declared they positively could not eat another thing, Mummy and Christy washed the dishes and cleared the table. Then the fun began. The children played Blind Man's Buff, but Mummy and Daddy had to be several cousins at once. This made the game very exciting; for, when Buddy caught Daddy, it was puzzling to know whether he was Eddie, Charlie, or some of the other boy cousins.

Cousin Celia and Christy played a duet on the organ and kept together so well that Daddy said he never would have known that two people were playing.

Daddy himself spun a fine sea yarn that grew funnier every time he told it. Mummy and Aunt Lucy sang a song they used to sing when they were girls, and the boys turned hand-springs and did all sorts of "stunts." Altogether, it was a very jolly gathering. Certainly guests never gave less trouble: the small rooms of the lighthouse cottage were not in the least crowded, and no one gave a thought to the angry waves dashing on Crow Bar Point.

When Buddy's eyes began to grow heavy, the guests said, with Christy's voice, that it had been the pleasantest Thanksgiving they had ever had; but they must say good-bye now and return to the mainland in their airship. They must have had a safe journey, for from latest reports they are all alive and well.

### Give Thanks.

BY ANNA PHILLIPS SEE.

NOW the cranberry is glowing,  
Yellow is the pumpkin showing,  
Leaves are falling brown and sear.  
Best of months is gray November—  
All our blessing we remember,  
For Thanksgiving time is here.

If we've taken good for granted,  
Having everything we wanted,  
During all the passing year,  
May we gratefully now render  
Thanks for all to God, the sender,  
For Thanksgiving time is here.

*Duty done is the sailor's fireside.*

BROWNING.



## Washed up at Silver Ledge.

BY MABEL S. MERRILL.



In Six Chapters. Chapter IV.

AT any other time they might have been delighted to go to live in a light-house, and it was plain from Eda's look that she had changed her mind about the "beggar children" and would be glad to have them at her home.

But Harle had turned fisherman, and they had settled down in the camp as if they had always lived there.

"Oh, you won't go, will you?" whispered Sybil to Amy, looking ready to cry. Kit was glancing across at Harle, and Grandma Thompson slyly held out her arms to Star, who scrambled so far into them that only the soles of her shoes were left for the company to look at.

"Did Uncle say we must come to stay at your house, anyway?" demanded Harle of Eda.

Eda hesitated. Uncle Newton had only asked the light-keeper to see that the children had a safe place to stay and keep an eye on them till he came. "They might come up to your house if you've got room for them," he had written, "but any old place will do for a lot of healthy youngsters. Only see that they don't go hungry, and tell Sam Tinker to let them have what they want at the store."

"Well, I don't remember his very words, but that's what he meant," Eda said.

"Couldn't we have a look at that letter?" asked Harle, shrewdly. "Maybe we should understand what he meant better than a stranger."

Eda tossed her head, and her eyes snapped. "Of course not! It's pa's letter. And you might believe what I say without that."

It came into Harle's head to answer that she hadn't said anything yet that amounted to much, but that would have sounded rude, so he only returned:

"I guess Uncle Newton will write to Amy and me soon and tell us what he wants us to do. Till then—we're awfully obliged, honest!—but seems as if we'd better stay here with our friends."

It was Eda's turn to go away now as the shipwrecked three had gone away from her door that first morning. She and Vernon looked back at the cosey camp in the hollow, and she felt that she had shut herself out of all the fun there by her unkindness to the strangers.

Perhaps it was that thought that made her so angry. At any rate she seemed quite delighted next day when she overheard Amy and Harle in the post-office talking over a letter that had just come from Uncle Newton.

"He's sent a ten-dollar bill and says to come home on the next steamer," Harle announced in dismay. And they heard Eda laugh in a provoking fashion as they started back up the hill towards the camp.

"That girl is just glad of it! I don't like her a bit," muttered Amy when they

were out of hearing. "And, oh, dear, Harle, if we go away, Grandpa Thompson won't have any boat and only Kit to help him when the mackerel come in, and he won't make his fortune at all."

"Look here, Amy," and Harle stopped short on the path, "if Uncle Newton knew about the Thompsons and how much they need us to help them, he'd be the first to tell us to stay. He's always wanting to help somebody. And sometimes when you can't help folks with money, you can with help,—work, you know. I'm going to write home a letter explaining all about it and—yes, sir, I'm going to tell Uncle that I've borrowed his ten-dollar bill to lend to Grandpa Thompson. I've money enough in the Bleak Harbor bank to pay it back soon as I get home."

"Why, Harle, Grandpa didn't ask to borrow any money, did he?"

"Of course not, goose! He's one of those honest, strict old fellows who won't ask for help and never buy anything till they have every cent of the money to pay for it. Kit says he lacks twelve dollars of having money enough for the big net,—trap, he calls it,—and the rest of the outfit he needs for the fishing season. We've got to be such chums that I'll bet I can get him to take the money. Then we can get the net right off and set it and begin on our summer's work."

"But you'll want two dollars more," mused Amy, "and I haven't a cent. Oh, I wish I could pick strawberries to sell!"

"Nobody would buy 'em because everybody on the island can go out and pick for themselves. But Kit and I can earn some, like enough. I heard Sam Tinker—that's the man that keeps the island store—say all the summer folks are crazy for clams, and he'd give anything to get a supply. But they can't seem to find one round the island. Too many rocks and no mud for 'em to live in."

Harle wrote his letter and sent it by a man who happened to be starting for Bleak Harbor in a motor-boat.

"He'll get the letter in a couple of hours," Harle said, as they watched the boat out of sight; "but there's no steamer till day after to-morrow, so we're sure of another whole day anyway."

It was right after dinner that same day that the two boys came rushing up from the wharf in great excitement.

"Come on, girls," they shouted in concert to Sybil and Amy. "Captain Warren has invited us all to go in the 'Seamaid' over to Hedgehog Island and home by Needle Rock, and he's going to take us through the Fog Signal Station before he brings us back."

Captain Warren was the keeper of the Fog Signal Station on Dolphin Island, an immensely high, narrow rock across a deep little channel from the wharf at Silver Ledge Island. The "Seamaid" was his fast launch



which would carry a party of twenty or thirty persons.

Sybil and Amy got themselves ready and hurried down to the wharf with the boys, leaving Star safe under the wing of Grandma.

The "Seamaid" was filled with pleasure-seekers and was flying a splendid new flag as she rocked at her moorings. Captain Warren came himself to see the four children safe on board, and found them some good seats by the rail in the bow.

The sea was sparkling like a great jewel and the handsome boat twitched at her tether like a spirited steed that wanted to be away.

"I'll bet you didn't think it would be such fun as this to be wrecked on a desert island," whispered Harle to Amy.

The "Seamaid" came about and started out of the channel between the two islands.

As she did so, in at the other end of the channel came limping an old boat with a patched sail and all the paint worn off her sides.

Amy grasped her brother's arm and spoke in a dismayed whisper:

"It's Uncle Newton! He's bound we shall come home, and he's borrowed the 'Lame Duck' and come after us."

The "Lame Duck" was the name they had given to the old boat which belonged to one of Uncle Newton's neighbors at Bleak Harbor.

"Yes, it's Uncle himself. Keep still, Amy! He can't hear if you holler, and we can't possibly ask the whole party to go back and set us ashore."

Amy looked doubtful; but, while she hesitated, the "Seamaid" gathered speed, her flag snapped in the breeze, and away she went, shooting straight out to sea, leaving the "Lame Duck" floundering about in the harbor.

They had a fine trip two hours long, and an interesting peep at the Fog Signal Station with its white tower and great bell mounted on a rock at the top of the island.

When the "Seamaid" came up to the Silver Ledge wharf, there was Grandma Thompson waiting for them with a troubled face.

"Your uncle has been here," she began, "and he seemed real put out because you didn't come home. I was so flustered I couldn't explain things to him rightly, and —and he's taken the baby and gone."

"Taken Star!" Amy fairly turned pale. "O Harle, she'll cry her poor little eyes out. Uncle didn't know—she's never slept away from me a night since mother died. Come on, we must get a boat and go straight home."

(To be continued.)

### Boys we can Trust.

BY EUGENE C. DOLSON.

THE noblest boys in all the land  
Are boys with purpose strong,  
Who, true and self-reliant, stand  
Against each deed of wrong.

And ever when some task they see  
To test their strength and skill,  
These are the boys who victors be,—  
The boys of manly will.



Photo by Belle Johnson.

SUCH VERY GOOD MANNERS!

### Leander and Melissa.

LEANDER ALEXANDER and Melissa Jane, his wife,

In yonder little country town pursued a quiet life;

Where every one knew every one within a circle small,

They spent the springtime of their youth, the sere and withered fall.

Leander Alexander always said it was a shame

That people of so mean a sort within his knowledge came.

For Jones was stingy, Brown was haughty, Robinson a sneak,

And of the ladies, J., B., R., 'twere better not to speak.

The villagers were all a stupid, shiftless, lazy crew,

Each man was evilly disposed, each woman was a shrew;

The children were on mischief bent, and sure to grow up bad,

"Which was to be expected with the parents that they had."

Now, strange to say, Melissa Jane, upon the other hand,

Found good in every person round about her in the land;

For every one was bright and kind and lovable and sweet,—

"To have such neighbors and such friends was just a lifelong treat."

Perhaps you won't believe me, and I know it sounds a hoax,

But Melissa and Leander knew the very selfsame folks!

GRACE STONE FIELD,  
in *Youth's Companion*.

### Sunday School News.

AT Toledo the primary school and upper school meet in separate rooms. The devotional service for each school is put at the end of the school hour instead of the beginning, and the lesson period is forty minutes. There is an adult class of thirty members. There is now an enrolment of about one hundred and fifty, and the school is aiming for two hundred members before the end of the year.

At the opening session of the school of the Church of the Messiah, St. Louis, six new pupils were formally received and decorated with the badge of membership. Each of the eight classes is named for some Unitarian leader, man or woman.

Our Sunday school at Davenport is large and enthusiastic under the leadership of Mrs. Pierce as superintendent. There are two very large classes of boys with men teachers, and two classes of young women of high-school age or older, besides the younger groups in the grades. An interesting feature of the school is the custom observed at intervals of having some member of the school tell a story from *The Beacon*. One of the incidents in the life of Channing was told by a member of the older boys' class. One of the girls told the story of the evergreen tree with its pretty lesson. The superintendent plans to have items from the Sunday School News column given, as time permits, so that their school may know what other schools are doing.

You are going to do great things, you say,  
You have splendid plans;  
Your dreams are of heights that are far away;  
They're a hopeful man's;  
But the world, when it judges the case for you  
At the end, my son,  
Will not think of what you were going to do,  
But of what you've done.

S. E. KISER.



## THE BEACON.

ISSUED WEEKLY FROM THE FIRST SUNDAY OF OCTOBER  
TO THE FIRST SUNDAY OF JUNE, INCLUSIVE.

PUBLISHED BY THE  
AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION  
DEPARTMENT OF RELIGIOUS EDUCATION.

BOSTON: 25 Beacon Street.  
NEW YORK: 104 E. 20th Street.  
CHICAGO: 105 S. Dearborn Street.  
SAN FRANCISCO: 376 Sutter Street.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE: Single subscriptions, 50 cents  
In packages to schools, 40 cents.

Entered at the Boston Post-office as second-class mail  
matter.

GEO. H. ELLIS CO., PRINTERS, BOSTON

## Grace before Meat.

THE editor heard recently in one of our Unitarian homes a little service at a table which was used by the entire family in a manner at once so reverent and so hearty that she wants to pass it on to others.

The first four lines were recited in unison by the entire family, with bowed heads. Then the youngest child, seven years of age, made the prayer in the last four lines. The grace was as follows:—

*The Family in Unison.*

Back of the loaf is the snowy flour,  
Back of the flour is the mill;  
Back of the mill is the wheat, and the shower,  
And the sun, and the Father's will.

*The Child.*

God bless us with this food you give;  
Oh, help each one of us to live  
So that our blessings and our food  
Will do our souls and bodies good.

*Together. Amen.*

The habit of a brief service at table, reading, prayer, or grace, is one of the surest ways of cultivating reverence and appreciation among the children of the family. Will others who are using some form of service with the children in the home send it to us, that we may print it in *The Beacon* for others to use?

## Books for Young and Old.

HARPER & BROTHERS have just brought out a thin volume of rare excellence and charm. It is called *Secrets Out of Doors*, told and illustrated by W. Hamilton Gibson. It is a selection of outdoor studies from the writings of that well-known artist-naturalist. The topics chosen are under the headings "Odd Ways of Insects," "Glimpses of Wild Life," and "Curiosities of Plants." Each sketch is complete in itself, written in a style that chains the attention, so graphic and effective it is. The book is designed for home and outdoor reading and for a Supplementary Reader in 7th and 8th grades. Every summer home should contain a copy. It will help the children and their elders to understand the wonder-world all around them and to play to good purpose the fascinating game of "Eye Spy."

*Joe, the Book Farmer*, published by Harpers, is the interesting story of the champion boy corn-raiser in one of the States where both corn and cotton grow. Joe had a partner the first year in a business man who believed in his energy and his willingness to learn from books and from bulletins sent by the Department of Agriculture. Many boys try each year for the prizes for corn-raising. This

## THE BEACON CLUB CORNER

IT is a pleasure to welcome to our Club another of the girls from the class and the Camp-fire Girls of the Church of the Unity, St. Louis. Here is her letter:

ST. LOUIS, MO.

Dear Miss Buck,—I enjoy *The Beacon* very much, and I would like to become a member of the Beacon Club. I am a member of the Sunday school of the Church of the Unity and in the same class with several of the members of the Beacon Club. I also belong to the Camp-fire Girls of our church and am treasurer of that organization. We have lovely times together, and we sometimes hold our meetings in the woods. We also take hikes to the country, and on one of these we were accompanied by our pastor, Rev. George R. Dodson.

Hoping your club continues to prosper I remain,  
Sincerely yours,

GEAN W. LAMONT,  
2103 Park Avenue.

We welcome another member, who mentions a writer of stories and poems whose work is becoming dear and familiar to readers of this paper. Hazel's letter secures the Club button and makes her one of our members.

24 VINE STREET, AUBURN, ME.

Dear Miss Buck,—Through Miss Phinney I have become very much interested in *The Beacon*. I have read many of the letters, etc., and I would like to become a member of the Beacon Club. I go to the Universalist Church here in Auburn, and this year I have a class of little ones to teach. We have no Sunday-school paper, and I wish I might be able to start having *The Beacon* in our church. If you will please state what I must do to earn a button, I would

is a story of the boy who wins, of his father who learned with his boy, of a chum who was the son of a wealthy manufacturer, and ever of Link, a colored helper, who learned through Joe's efforts how to work and save. Incidentally, a good deal of information is conveyed, but the story is never swamped in an effort to instruct. Excitement is furnished through the story of hunting trips; but the real excitement of the book is in Joe's success with his farm experiment.

Joe's decisions in certain business ventures make a wholesome lesson in ethics for any lad, whether engaged in farm work or not; while a practical democracy, and an act of social insight at the end of the book, give real lessons in the situations which boys must meet and settle. The boy reader will want to be like Joe, and will be the better for the desire.

*Secrets Out of Doors.* By W. Hamilton Gibson. Illustrated with sketches by the author. 135 pp. 50 cents. Harper & Brothers.

*Joe, the Book Farmer.* By Garrard Harris. Illustrated. 12mo. 350 pp. \$1.00. Harper & Brothers. New York.

## RECREATION CORNER.

## ENIGMA XVI.

I am composed of 19 letters.  
My 10, 11, is a preposition.  
My 15, 2, 14, 3, 12, is a linen coverlet.  
My 19, 7, 8, is to conquer.  
My 4, 5, 6, 18, is to subdue.  
My 1, 16, 17, 3, 14, is a number.  
My 9, 5, 7, 8, is to obtain.  
My 13, 3, 17, 18, is in this place.  
My whole is a play of Shakespeare's.

BEATRICE HOLLIDAY.

## WORD SQUARES.

Nice discernment; pain; part of the face; a canvas house.

A wooden stake; a masculine name; to halt; playthings.

YOUTH'S COMPANION.

be much obliged, for I would like to enter the Christmas contest.

Yours very respectfully,

HAZEL M. BRETT.  
(Age 16.)

Here are letters from three little readers of our paper who are welcomed to our Club:

Dear Miss Buck,—I take a great pleasure in reading *The Beacon* every Sunday, and, when I speak, I often choose pieces from it. I also save them and may sometime make a book of them, or give them to some other child to read. I should like very much to join the Beacon Club.

I am yours sincerely,

CORNELIA E. OTTERSON,

BOLTON, MASS.

WINGOCKING HEIGHTS,  
GERMANTOWN, PA.

Dear Miss Buck,—I receive *The Beacon* every Sunday and enjoy it very much.

My friend Adelaide told me about the Beacon Club, and I wish to belong to the club and would like you to send me the Beacon Club pin.

Sincerely yours,

LUCY G. MORSE.

WEST UPTON, MASS.

Dear Miss Buck,—I am a little boy and attend the Unitarian Sunday school. Our minister has just returned from the Buffalo convention.

I would like to become a member of the Beacon Club. I enjoy reading *The Beacon* very much.

I am sending you an enigma which I hope to see in print in one of the following *Beacons*.

Hoping to become a *Beacon* member,

I am sincerely,

JOHN EDWARD LENNON.

## ENIGMA XVII.

I am composed of 20 letters.  
My 2, 3, 4, 5, is the opposite of dislike.  
My 15, 16, 6, is an insect.  
My 12, 14, 10, is a drink.  
My 13, 17, 6, is a piece of clothing.  
My 1, 20, is not out.  
My 18, 19, 11, is a fish.  
My 2, 3, 20, 9, is a row of printed words.  
My 7 is a vowel.  
My 8 is a letter in the word "buttercup."

What is my whole?

JOHN EDWARD LENNON, JR.

## ENIGMA XVIII.

I am composed of 12 letters.  
My 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, is a boy's name.  
My 8, 10, 11, is a plot of land.  
My 5, 2, 12, is a drunkard.  
My 4, 11, is a pronoun.  
My 6, 12, is a preposition.  
My 12, 7, 8, 1, is the opposite of short.  
My 11, 2, 12, is a small child.  
My 9, 10, 7, 12, is a garment.  
My 9, 2, 6, 1, is a kind of fuel.  
My whole is a writer of books for girls.

DOROTHY POLLOCK.

## ANAGRAM ACROSTIC.

Each group of letters, properly rearranged, spells the title of a well-known book, whose primals, in the order given, spell the name of a famous poem.

1. Sahn nrebirk. 2. Ovneshi. 3. Eacni noandwedrn. 4. Dorwen kobo. 5. Uedrnevta fo a nrebwi. 6. Stauerer dsainl. 7. Soheu fo hte esvne egslab. 8. Revutsdane fo onrib doho.

FLAVIA WATERS, in St. Nicholas.

## PREFIXES.

I am an instrument of steel,  
With O prefixed I render free;  
I am a pronoun often used,  
With F prefixed I'm next to three.  
I am unformed by taste or skill,  
With C prefixed I'm immature;  
I am to knock as on a door,  
With T prefixed with bait I lure.

The Myrtle.

## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 6.

ENIGMA XII.—The Lady of the Lake.

ENIGMA XIII.—Florence Nightingale.

BEHEADINGS.—1. Slow, low. 2. Crust, rust.

3. Call, all. 4. Spool, pool. 5. Harm, arm.